The Times-Dispatch

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Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The city has now quieted down, reason has returned, and the authorities believe it safe to begin to send the soldiers home. But when the military shall have been withdrawn there will rest a grave responsibility upon the Richmond public, upon the people as well as upon the officers of the law. When the strike was first inaugurated there was much excitement, and when the military came there was indignation in some quarters, and under those conditions it was but natural that there should be some outbreaks here and there. One thing led to another, excitement ran high and some men were hardly responsible for their acts. But the situation has changed. The excitement is all over, the better spirit of the community has asserted itself, and Richmond is herself again.

The people have had a taste oof mob rule, and they want no more of it. They are tired of lawlessness and they are tired of seeing armed soldiers on the streets.

Let the soldiers go back to their homes, and let us all resolve as a people that we will respect the law and uphold it, that we will discontinue and discourage every attempt at lawlessness that may be made hereafter, and that we will assist the officers of the law in preserving the peace.

Richmond has the situation in her own hands, and she can control it if she will. It is simply a matter of self-assertion on the part of the body politic, and it is time for the body politic to assert itself. It was bad enough to have had to call for the soldiers, it would be far worse for us to have to recall them after they have been sent to their homes. Richmond appeals to the pride and the patriotism of her sons and daughters. Let us have peace.

THE INDIANA RACE RIOT.

The authorities of Evansville, Ind., have had a reckoning with the mob, and as a result six men are dead and twenty-five are wounded. The trouble began several days ago when a bad negro shot and killed a patrolman, who was trying to arrest him. The negro was lodged in jail and the mob stormed the prison. Not finding the negro, who had been spirited away, they determined to make war upon the whole race. "Kill the negroes!" was the cry.

Then a mob of negroes started on the rampage and paraded the streets crying "Down with the whites!" The battle was thus drawn, and there was fast fighting for a time, but the blacks soon became disheartened and fled for their lives. The dander of the whites was up, however, and the mob determined to clean out the entire negro population. The local authorities were unable to deal with the situation and the Governor was called upon for soldiers. The call was promtly heeded and the soldiers and the sheriff's deputies guarded the jail in which sixteen negro prisoners were confined. The mob determined to assault the jail whether or not and was driving the soldiers and the guards back when firing began with the result as above.

We doubt not that some men engaged in this demonstration were ordinarily good citizens. But at the time they were engaged in rebellion and those who suffered brought destruction upon themselves. As Judge Witt said in his charge to the grand jury:

"When a man sees others engaged in acts of violence, joins in and assists them, he is as much amendable as if he had originally assembled for the purpose, and whoever encourages or procures or takes part in a riot, either by words, gestures, incendiary speeches, exhibition of firearms, or in conduct of any kind whatsoever tending to countenance or assist the rioters is guilty."

The man who sets the law at defiance cannot claim the protection of law. He takes his life in his own hands and can expect no clemency from the officers. Did the soldiers and guards at Evansville do right to fire upon the mob? As surely so as that soldiers in battle do right to fire upon the enemy. They would have been cowards and traitors if they had done otherwise. They were put there to defend the jail, and they were in duty bound to shoot and resist until the mob was repulsed or until they were overpowered. It will not do in such an emergency to temporize with the mob. It is a terrible thing for men to defy the law and assault the institutions of government. When they do so they must be dealt with as public enemies; otherwise the mob will rule and government will be at an end.

THE NEGRO AT THE NORTH.

In a recent address before the Methodist ministers of the country at Cincinnati, Rev. Dr. William Thirkield asserted that outside of New Orleans the great negro centers are not now in the far South; they are Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Another of his statements was that "the negroes are coming North in herds." Upon these asserted facts he predicted the opinion that "instead of being a Southern problem, we shall find the negro question in reality a Northern problem."

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record says that the census reports do not bear out these assertions, and by way of correcting the preacher publishes the following table, showing the negro population in eighteen Northern States in 1890 and 1900:

State.	1900	1890.	Gain.
Pennsylvania	356,845	167,596	47,349
New York	99,232	70,692	29,140
Ohio	96,901	87,113	9,878
Illinois	85,078	57,0...	28,050
New Jersey	69,844	47,639	22,206
Indiana	57,505	45,215	12,290
Kansas	52,003	49,710	2,295
Massachusetts	31,974	22,144	9,830
Michigan	15,816	15,223	593
Connecticut	15,226	12,302	2,924
Iowa	12,693	10,685	2,008
California	11,045	11,322	*277
Rhode Island	9,092	7,393	1,699
Colorado	8,570	8,215	2,355
Nebraska	6,269	8,913	*2,644
Minnesota	4,959	3,683	1,278
Wisconsin	2,542	2,444	98
Maine	1,319	1,190	129
Totals	737,003	565,906	171,097

*Decrease.

It would appear from this that out of 8,840,789 negroes in the United States, only 737,003, or about one-twentieth of the whole, are scattered through eighteen Northern States, having an aggregate population of 44,493,286. It is further shown that from 1890 to 1900 the negro population in these States increased only 171,097.

If those figures are reliable, and we suppose they are, they ought to arouse some interesting inquiries among the rabid element at the North, who are forever talking about the ill-treatment of the negro in the South. The negroes have been free for nearly forty years, yet only one-twentieth of them have deserted the South to seek the more congenial society of their white brethren and sisters north of the dividing line. They have been free to leave and the walking has been good, but nineteen-twentieths of them preferred to remain in the land of their birth. Perhaps the New York Evening Post thinks that they are held here under the "peonage" system. But our contemporary is informed that many of them who go away come back at the first opportunity.

But there are Northern communities where the negro population has greatly increased of late. New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the cities and towns of New Jersey and Delaware have added many negroes to their population in the last ten years, and wherever there are negroes in bulk there is a negro problem, and wherever there is a negro problem the whites deal with it much the same way.

Minimize it as you may, there are enough negroes in several Northern States to make not only a social problem, but a political problem, and the politicians have got to reckon with it.

THE OLD SYCAMORE.

Here is another delightful "reminiscence" from an esteemed "old citizen." We wish that we might publish at least one a week. May be this one will inspire another, so here goes:

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—You seem to have been pleased with having "tried a reminiscence" in regard to the big tree that has been allowed to stand in the sidewalk on East Franklin, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and near the residence of Dr. George Watson, one of whose charming daughters once saved it from destruction. Please permit some addenda from a memory which you have stirred up.

I became a frequent visitor at the agreeable and hospitable house of Dr. Watson as far back as 1840, observed that fine tree and was well acquainted with the fair suppliant who saved its life. Indeed, I may have known it earlier, for about 1836, I was the guest of the Standards, who then lived not far from it on Ninth Street, and had some fine trees on their large lot, which ran along on Franklin all the way to Eighth Street.

But since the above dates that grand old sycamore has become quite dear to me. The Rev. Mr. Tighe had his school within a few feet of it, and my namesake son was one of his pupils. He played under and around it and became warmly attached to it. Inasmuch that when he was here a few years ago, he enquired about it and expressed a desire to see it. This, too, though he had just returned from England, where he had witnessed the grandeurs of Queen Victoria's jubilee celebrations. We visited it together, and the sight of it greatly moved him by the memories which it recalled. He patted it, and, I think, embraced it as far as he could. Tighe's school boy had become a portly man, but he could encircle only a small segment of that huge trunk. The school house had given place to a new private residence; but the old tree play-mate had held its position and enlarged its dimensions.

I frequently pass that endeared tree on my way to the Historical Society building and linger and look back at it, because it reminds me so strongly of my absent and distant namesake. Very recently the entreaties of some ladies saved some trees on South Franklin Street near Cary. But there was in Richmond another famous tree, not so large in body as that sycamore, but far more regular and magnificent. The celebrated Publius Vergilius Maro would have admired it, for he had an eye to wide-spreading trees, and no doubt enjoyed them in company with his friendly Shepherd Tityrus, whom he thus saluted: "Tityre tu, patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi," which some learned classic once translated in the following elegant fashion:

Tityre tu:	Recubans;
I love you.	Let's join hands.
Patulae:	Sub tegmine;
If you love me.	If we can agree.
Fagi.	In matrimony.

But Vergil's "patula fagus" was a beech, whose smooth bark furnishes such nice tablets for lovers to record their names. Whereas the one to be described was an elm. It grew until it attained large size and a splendid tout ensemble, at the southwest corner of East Main and Sixth Streets. If it had been in the sidewalk, it could hardly have been spared, as its southern branches, even though curtailed, would have required buildings to be set too far back from Main Street. It stood in a hollow deep enough for cellars; but sent branches over the sidewalk and entirely across Main Street, towards the Arlington, the two houses of which were then occupied by the Brothers James. The tree limbed and branched beautifully and harmoniously and presented a splendid contour.

Mr. Fleming James became its owner and resolved to erect the row of brick tenements, which are still on that lot. The grand old elm had to go. Alas! the destructiveness of city improvements! My better half was a great lover of trees and cherished admiration and affection for this noble and beautiful elm. She grieved over its loss, and wished Mr. James could have built her a little cottage up in its branches that she might live in it. It is gratfying to believe that tree planting is to have a revival and that the observance of "arbor day" will not only be continued, but spread like the branches of that umbragious old elm, which city improvement caused to be executed.

SENEX.

Richmond, Va., July 7, 1903.

Under an appropriation of $1,000 from the City Council of Elizabeth, N. J., a brigade of local officials has been waging war upon mosquitoes in the marshes of that State. Whether success has attended their efforts or not is a question. The residents of Elizabeth say not; the officials say yes. The plan is to destroy the larvae of the hated insect. The eggs are found and can only develop in stagnant water. So twelve miles of ditches have been dug to drain the marshes, and a new ditch-cutter is at work in the mud every day.

"The "brigade" is also oiling all pools that cannot be drained. There are also new kinds of "mosquito-killers" at work, which serve without pay. They are small fish that run from tidewater up into the trenches. They eat all the larvae in sight. However, many of the residents of Elizabeth are dissatisfied with the progress made, and say that the only result of the work done has been to drive the mosquitoes from the marshes to the hills on which the town stands; but surely they ought not to expect the relief sought to be found the first year! Next year, no doubt, the good effect of the work will be more apparent.

The Philadelphia Record thinks it wonderful that the States of Colombia are delaying the acceptance of the Panama Canal treaty and the $10,000,000 gift accompanying it.

Perhaps they want more money; but they won't get it. The $10,000,000 in a lump sum and $600,000 per annum is enough, and we venture to say that they will get no more. That they will take our offer eventually, we doubt not.

Cardinal Gibbons is prepared to sail for Rome by the first steamer leaving these shores after he receives intelligence of the death of the Pope. He will probably land at Queenstown and go thence to France and further onward by rail. It is expected that he will reach Rome in time to participate in the election of Leo's successor.

Governor Taft, who is at present running the Philippines in a way, is a free trader of long standing, and he did not fail to let that fact ooze itself into the first message he sent by the new Pacific cable. Governor Taft is nervy and has the courage of his convictions.

The remarkable thing about that famous cable message sent by the President, was that while it took but nine minutes to go around the world it started from here on the 4th of the month, reached its destination on the 5th, started back the same day and reached here on the 4th.

A special from Oyster Bay says that while the President will not interfere in the selection of a nominee for the vice-presidency, it is known that he wishes the place given to a Southern man—whether white or black is not stated.

Her Krupp, the cannon king of Germany, has an income of $5,000,000 per annum.

We hear no demand from him for the nations of Europe to disarm and renounce war.

Mr. Hanna has been sent for to confer with the President, and it is believed he will be urged to continue in the championship of the National Republican Committee.

Perhaps those thousands of teachers assembled in Boston from all over the country will be able to teach Boston several things the Hub never knew before.

The President will surely be thoughtful enough to send along with that petition to the Czar sufficient postage for the return of rejected manuscript.

It isn't laziness, but it is a pure article of wisdom on the part of the husband who leaves his wife the job of packing for the summer vacation.

And now the serene smile that adorns the face of the summer resort proprietor approaches near unto the rainbow in beauty and sublimity.

The preacher that does not want a vacation ought to consult the views of the congregation one of these long, hot Sunday mornings.

The usually wide-awake correspondents of the esteemed Commoner somehow managed to get scooped on the Iowa Democratic convention.

Hot enough to move the crops and pleasant enough to sleep well at night. The great climate of old Virginia cannot be beaten.

The mission boards of the southern churches can find lots of work to do in Indiana.

The "didn't know it was loaded gun" is getting in considerable work in several parts of Virginia.

It may be observed that your Uncle Grover continues to decline to decline. Fishing is good.

We fail to discover that the departure of June has in any way interfered with the matrimonial market.

The venerable Russell Sage still refuses to take a summer vacation. Can't afford it, perhaps.

The rural picnic season has opened and the county politicians are getting terribly busy in old Virginia.

President Loubet is having a good time in London, you bet.

Trend of Thought In Dixie Land

Dallas News: We do not want in Texas any boycotters or blacklisters of any kind. The anti-trust law forbids all alike to resort to such methods of warfare.

Nashville American: The South should raise its voice in protest against the treatment of negroes in the North and should send missionaries there in the interest of the negro citizens who are mistreated.

Savannah News: There are 25,000 negro voters in the State of Illinois. If Senator Hopkins, of that State, is so anxious that there shall be black faces in the hall of the House of Representatives, why does he not use his influence to have colored Congressmen elected from Illinois? Like many of the Northern Republicans, Senator Hopkins exercises himself for the "rights" of the negroes in the South, but pays no attention to those who reside in his own section of the country.

Birmingham Ledger: In the United States right now half a million workingmen are on strikes and as many more are out of employment for various reasons. All this, however, is part of the prosperity. Men do not strike for higher wages except when they think employers are able to pay them out of the profits.

Mobile Register: The protest of the United States will be sent to Russia with so many explanations and apologies that it is sincerely hoped in administration circles that the Czar may end by accepting it as an evidence of our distinguished consideration.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Raleigh Post is sound in this proposition sure enough:

No one can take exceptions to Booker Washington's advice to his race whenever or wherever he opens his mouth to address them, but the very best speech he could make them to save him and them would be not to hold another convention or meeting of any sort—save strictly religious—for at lease five years. Ten would be better, but five would help immensely.

The Charlotte Chronicle says:

The Columbia State prints a page of newspaper comment on the outbreak of Judge Buchanan, who made a wholesale attack upon the press during the hearing for a change of venue for the trial of James H. Tillman. This multitude of stinging rebukes reminds one of the attack of a battalion of hornets upon some simpleton who didn't have any more sense than to poke a stick into their nest.

The Concord Tribune comments as follows:

The summer campaign for education is now on in earnest in North Carolina. The list of speakers is a guarantee that the cause will be presented ably and well.

The Charlotte News says:

Just about the most hopeless sign for the future of the negro race was the outbreak against Booker Washington by the negroes at Louisville. Booker has been giving them too plain advice. He told them at that meeting that no legal punishment was too severe for the wretch who would outrage a woman.

Waynesville has no street car lines and the Courier of that town is evidently glad of it. It says:

It is bad to have strikes, but it is worse to have them so bad as to necessitate the presence of a standing army to maintain order and peace, and that at great public expense. We are glad our lines are fallen in more pleasant places.

A Few Foreign Facts.

The Crown Prince of Sweden will head the Swedish World's Fair Commission at St. Louis. The King of Sweden has promised to present a banner to float over the Swedish pavilion at the exposition.

When in Borneo, writes the British consul at Cadiz, it was a frequent experience of mine to receive illustrated catalogues of articles, such as churns, to be shown and distributed in a country whose inhabitants dwell entirely in huts erected on piles over the water and subsist on rice and fish.

Experience having taught the German postoffice that a great proportion of the pictorial post-cards posted bear neither address nor stamps, the Postmaster-General has ordered a notice to be put on the pillar boxes: "Don't forget address and stamps."

During the nineteenth century London grew from a city of 800,000 people to one of 6,500,000—that is, increased eight-fold. New York increased from 60,000 to 3,500,000—near sixty-fold. London is now increasing 17 per cent. in a decade and New York 35 per cent., or twice as fast. If this rate should hold good for fifty years more New York would have over 15,000,000 population and be 1,000,000 ahead of London.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST.

A trim, jaunty shirt-waist, that is becoming to most figures and something new in its unique arrangement of narrow and wide tucks, is developed in white China silk, although any of the shirt-waist materials is suitable to the mode. One particularly good feature of this model is the placing of the tucks where the fulness is most needed to give a pretty, stylish blouse. Pongee will develop a charming waist after the mode. If desired, the front pleat, collar and cuffs could be trimmed with bands of Oriental embroidery.

No. 6,022—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measure.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

No. 6,022.

Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

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CHAPTER II—(Continued).

In regard to the bouquet of the young man himself, if he possessed one, it is pertinent to relate that at this very instant the thought skipped across his mind (like the hop of a flea in a rose jar) that some day he might find the moment when he could tell her the truth about herself—with a half-laugh—and say: "The angels sent their haloes in a sandal-wood box to be made into a woman—and it was you!"

"If you have anything to say for yourself, say it quickly!" said Miss Betty.

"You were singing a while ago," he answered, somewhat huskily, "and I stopped on the street to listen; then I came here to be nearer. The spell of your voice—" He broke off abruptly to change the word. "The spell of the song came over me—it is my dearest favorite—so that I stood afterwards in a sort of trance, only hearing again in the silence: 'The stolen heart, like the gathered rose, will bloom but for a day!' I did not see you until you came to the bench. You must believe me; I would not frighten you for anything in the world!"

"Why are you wearing that dress?"

He laughed, and pointed to where, behind him on the ground, lay a long gray cloak, upon which had been tossed a white mask. "I'm on my way to the masquerade," he answered, with an airy gesture in the direction of the violins. "I'm an Incroyable, you see, and I had the costume made from my recollection of a sketch of your great uncle. I saw it a long time ago in your library."

Miss Carewe's accustomed poise was quite recovered; indeed, she was astonished to discover a distinct trace of disappointment that the brilliant apparition must offer so tame an explanation. What he said was palpably the truth; there was a masquerade that night, she knew, at the Madrillon's, a little way up Carewe Street, and her father had gone, an hour earlier, a blue domino over his arm.

The Incroyable was a person of almost magical perceptiveness; he felt the letdown immediately and feared a failure. This would not do; the attitude of tension between them must be renewed at once. "You'll forgive me?" he began, in a quickly impassioned tone. "It was only after you sang, a dream possessed me, and—"

"I cannot stay to talk with you," Miss Betty interrupted, and added with a straightforwardness which made him afraid she would prove lamentably direct: "I do not know you."

Perhaps she remembered that already one young man had been presented to her by no better sponsor than a white cat, and had no desire to carry her unconventionality farther than that. In the present instance there was not even a kitten.

She turned toward the house, whereupon he gave a little pathetic exclamation of pleading in a voice that was masterly, being as sincere as it was musical, and he took a few leaning steps toward her, both hands outstretched.

"One moment more!" he cried, as she turned again to him. "It may be the one chance of my life to speak with you; dont deny me this. All the rest will meet you when the happy evening comes, will dance with you, talk with you, see you when they like, listen to you sing. I, alone, must hover about the gates, or steal like a thief into your garden to hear you from a distance. Listen to me—just this once—for a moment?"

"I cannot listen," she said firmly; and stood quite still. She was now in deep shadow.

"I will not believe you merciless! You would not condemn the meanest criminal unheard!" Remembering that she was so lately from the convent, he ventured this speech in a deep, thrilling voice, only to receive a distinct shock for his pains, for she greeted it with an irrepressible, most unexpected peal of contralto laughter, and his lips parted slightly with the surprise of it.

They parted much farther in the next instant in good truth, it may be stated of the gentleman that he was left with his mouth open—for, suddenly leaning toward him out of the shadow into the light, her face shining as a cast of tragedy, she cried in a hoarse whisper: "Are you a murderer?"

And with that and a whisk of her skirts, and a footfall on the gravel path, she was gone. He stood dumfounded, poor comedian, having come to play the chief role, but to find the scene taken out of his hands. Then catching the flutter of her wrap, as she disappeared into the darkness of the veranda, he cried in a loud, manly voice:

"You are a dear!"

As he came out into the street through a gap in the hedge, he paused, drawing his cloak about him, and lifted his face to the eastern moon. It was a strange face; the modelling most like what is called "Greek," save for the nose, which was a trifle too short for that, and the features showed a happy purity of outline almost child-like; the blue eyes, clear, fleckless, serenely irresponsible, with more the look of refusing responsibility than being unconscious of it; eyes without care, without prudence, and without evil. A stranger might have said he was about twenty-five and had never a thought in his life. There were some blossoms on the hedge, and he touched one lightly, as though he chucked it under the chin; he smiled upon it then, but not as he had smiled upon Miss Betty, for this was his own, the smile that came when he was alone; and, when it came, the face was no longer joyous as it had been in repose; there was an infinite patience and worn tolerance—possibly for himself. This incongruous and melancholy smile was astonishing; one looked for the laughter of a boy and found, instead, a gentle, worldly, old prelate.

Standing there, all alone in the moonlight, by the hedge, he lifted both hands high and waved them toward the house, as children wave to each other across lawns at twilight. After that he made a fantastic bow to his corrugated shadow on the board sidewalk.

"Again, you rogue!" he exclaimed aloud. Then, as he faced about and began to walk in the direction of the beckoning violins: "I wonder if Tom's kitten was better, after all!"

CHAPTER III.

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY OF A FATHER SHOULD BE EXHIBITED TO A DAUGHTER WITH PARTICULAR CARE.

Those angels appointed to be guardians of the merry people of Rouen, poising one night, between earth and stars, discovered a single brilliant and resonant spot, set in the midst of the dark, quiet town like a jeweled music-box on a black cloth. Sounds of revelry and the dance from the luminous spot came up through the summer stillness to the weary guardians all night long, until, at last, when a red glow stole into the east, and the dance still continued, nay, grew faster than ever, the celestial watchers found the work too heavy for their strength, and forthwith departed, leaving the dancers to their own devices; for, as everyone knows, when a dance lasts till daylight, guardian angels flee.

All night long the fiddles had been swinging away at their best; all night long the candles had shone in thin rows of bright orange through the slits of the window-blinds; but now, as the day broke over the maples, the shutters were flung open by laughing young men, and the drivers of the carriages, waiting in the dusty streets, pressed up closer to the hedge, or came within and stretched themselves upon the lawn to see the people waltzing in the daylight. The horses having no such desires, stood with loosened check-reins, slightly twitching their upper lips, wistful of the tall grass which bordered the wooden sidewalk, though now and then one would lift his head high, sniffling the morning air and bending an earnest gaze not upon the dancers, but upon the florid east.

Over the unwearied plaint of French horn, violin, and bassoon, rose a silvery confusion of voices and laughter, and the sound of a hundred footfalls in unison, while from the open windows there issued a warm breath, heavily laden with the smell of scented fans, of rich fabrics, of dying roses, to mingle with the spicy perfume of a wild crab-tree in fullest blossom, which stood near enough to peer into the ball-room, and, like a brocaded belle herself, challenge the richest to show raiment as fine, the loveliest to look as fair and joyful in the dawn.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to fade by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away—"

So ran the violins in waltz time, so bassoon and horn to those dulcet measures; and then, with one accord, a hundred voices joined in the old sweet melody:

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let the loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

And the jealous crab-tree found but one to overmatch itself in beauty—a lady who was the focus of the singing, for, by the time the shutters were flung open, there was not a young man in the room, lacked he never so greatly in music or in voice, who did not heartily desire to sing to Miss Betty Carewe, and who did not now (craning neck over partner's shoulder) seek to fix her with his glittering eye, while he sang "Oh, Believe Me" most directly and conspicuously at her. For that night was the beginning of Miss Betty's famous career as the belle of Rouen, and was the date from which strangers were to hear of her as "the beautiful Miss Carewe," until "beautiful" was left off, visitors to the town being supposed to have heard at least that much before they came.

There had been much discussion of her, though only one or two had caught glimpses of her; but most of the gallants appeared to agree with Crailey Gray, who aired his opinion—in an exceedingly casual way—at the little club on Main Street. Mr. Gray held that when the daughter of a man as rich as Bob Carewe was heralded as a beauty, the chances were that she would prove disappointing, and for his part he was not even interested enough to attend and investigate. So he was going down the river in a canoe, and preferred the shyness of bass to that of a girl of eighteen just from the convent, he said. Tom Vanrevel was not present on the occasion of these remarks, and the general concurrence with Crailey may be suspected as a purely verbal one, since, when the evening came, two of the most enthusiastic dancers and love-makers of the town, the handsome Tappingham Marsh and that doughty ex-dragoon and Indian fighter, stout old General Trumble, were upon the field before the enemy appeared; that is to say, they were in the new ball-room before their host. Indeed, the musicians had not arrived, and Nelson, an aged negro servitor, was engaged in lighting the house.

The crafty pair had planned this early descent with a view to monopoly by right of priority, in case the game proved worth the candle, and they were leaning effectively against the railing about the musicians' platform when Mr. Carewe entered the room with his daughter on his arm.

She was in white, touched with countless small lavender flowers; there were rows and rows of wonderful silk and lace flounces on her skirt, and her fan hung from a rope of great pearls. Ah, hideous, blue, rough cloth of the convent, unfortunately, but laid aside forever, what a chrysalis you were!

Tappingham twitched his companion's sleeve, but the General was already posing, and neither heard the words of presentation, because Miss Betty gave each of them a quick look, then smiled upon them as they bowed; the slayers were prostrated before their prey. Never were lady-killers more instantaneously tamed and subjugated by the power of the feminine eye. Will Cummings came in soon, and almost upon his heels, Eugene Madrillon and young Frank Chenoweth. No others appeared for half an hour, and the five gentlemen looked at one another aside, each divining his own diplomacy in his fellow's eye, and each laboriously explaining to the other his own mistake in regard to the hour designated upon Mr. Carewe's cards of invitation. This small embarrassment, however, did not prevent General Trumble and young Mr. Chenoweth from coming to high words over Miss Carewe's little gilt-filigree "programme" of dances.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Personal and General.

Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, has sold his country home at Eastport, L. I.

Secretary Hitchcock is at his summer home in New Hampshire.

General Nelson A. Miles spent the Fourth at Chickamauga.

Charles H. Pratt's handsome summer place on Fourth Lake, in the Adirondacks, was destroyed by fire on July 1st.

John Philip Sousa, who has been suffering from overwork and a bad cold, was again able to resume his work at Southampton, England, on July 2d.

Mauri Muffucci, the son of an Irvington, N. Y., barber, is a new protege of Miss Helen Gould. She will give a four years' course in the New York University.

Joseph E. Corrigan, a nephew of the late Archbishop Corrigan, has been appointed a deputy assistant district attorney of New York by Mr. Jerome. He is 26 years old and a graduate of Columbia College.

Remarks About Richmond.

Norfolk Virginian-Pilot: The Richmond street car strike has simmered down to a single line head class in the newspapers.

Rockingham Register: The people of Henrico county are disposed to make it warm for Sheriff Solomon, and the sheriff is not likely to get off as easily as the other gentleman of that name who arbitrated the baby dispute.

Petersburg Index-Appeal: Richmond now stands fair to get back, in the prevailing strike, her full share of the disproportionately large amount of taxes which she never fails to let the world know the State assesses against her. Strikes come nigh, and the present strike is one in which the tax-payer catches it going and coming.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Mr. Rooster Learns Something.

Mr. Rooster finished his breakfast and picked up a book to read. He was a great reader and he liked books.

"This is good," he said, as he glanced down the page.

"What is?" asked his wife.

"I'll read it," answered Mr. Rooster, and he read:

"'Never let a day go by without learning something.'"

"That is very good," said his wife.

Mr. Rooster laid the book down and strolled out into the street.

"I wonder what I can learn to-day?" he said to himself.

Several boys were gathered in the street about a big red thing that looked like a very fat bologna sausage to Mr. Rooster. As he looked on the boys turned and ran away.

"That is foolish," said Mr. Rooster. "They should have waited and learned what the thing is. Now, I shall go over there and learn something."

So he strutted over to the big red thing

IT SENT HIM FORTY FEET IN THE AIR.

and looked at it all around and at both ends, but he couldn't make out what it was.

"All I see," said he, as he perched himself on top of the affair; "all I see is a little fizzing fire over at this end."

At that very moment there was a terrible explosion, as the firecracker went off.

Forty feet in the air it sent Mr. Rooster. Every feather in his tail and half the feathers on his back were blown out. His eyes were filled with powder, his feet were burned to blisters.

When he landed on the ground he didn't know whether he was dead or alive.

A Cheerful Revenge.

Julian Agnel, a Frenchman, residing in Paris, has discovered a new way to get even with an unfaithful mistress and at the same time put an end to his own woe. The lady in question was a kitchenmaid in a restaurant. Julian went to see her one day and request her for the last time to be kind to him. Scorn was his reward, so he took a stick of dynamite out of his pocket and lit the fuse with his cigarette. The cafe escaped all damage, but the neighboring barber shop was blown to atoms.

Profitable Play.

Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac must come very near to being the most successful play ever written. In Paris alone it has had 675 representations, and its total receipts in that city for that number of performances was 4,180,000 francs, or an average of 5,926 francs (about $1,145) a performance.

Tha First Effort.

The first government irrigation expenditure will be made in Thomas county, Kan. The water will be secured by drilling wells. The expense of building a reservoir large enough to irrigate many thousand acres of land will be small, owing to the character of the land.

Very Much Condemned.

When Frau Przygodda, of Berlin, is hanged, she ought to be very dead indeed. She was tried for poisoning in quick succession five husbands. Found guilty, she was condemned to death no less than three times on as many charges.

Important Art Treasure.

A discovery of much interest to the art world has just been made at the Uffizzi in Florence. Among a lot of papers and drawings, forty original sketches by Michael Angelo were discovered. They appear to be studies for some of the master's greatest known works.